

Backstory:

# Infobahn, the Pilgrim of Broken Signals





# Born Under Gallente Light

I was born under Gallente light,  
the kind that never turns off.  
Caille, billboards and glass and  
music leaking through walls  
thin enough to share dreams  
with strangers. The Federation  
sells you a story early: freedom,  
choice, progress. You can be  
anyone. You can go anywhere.  
You can reinvent yourself as  
many times as you can afford.

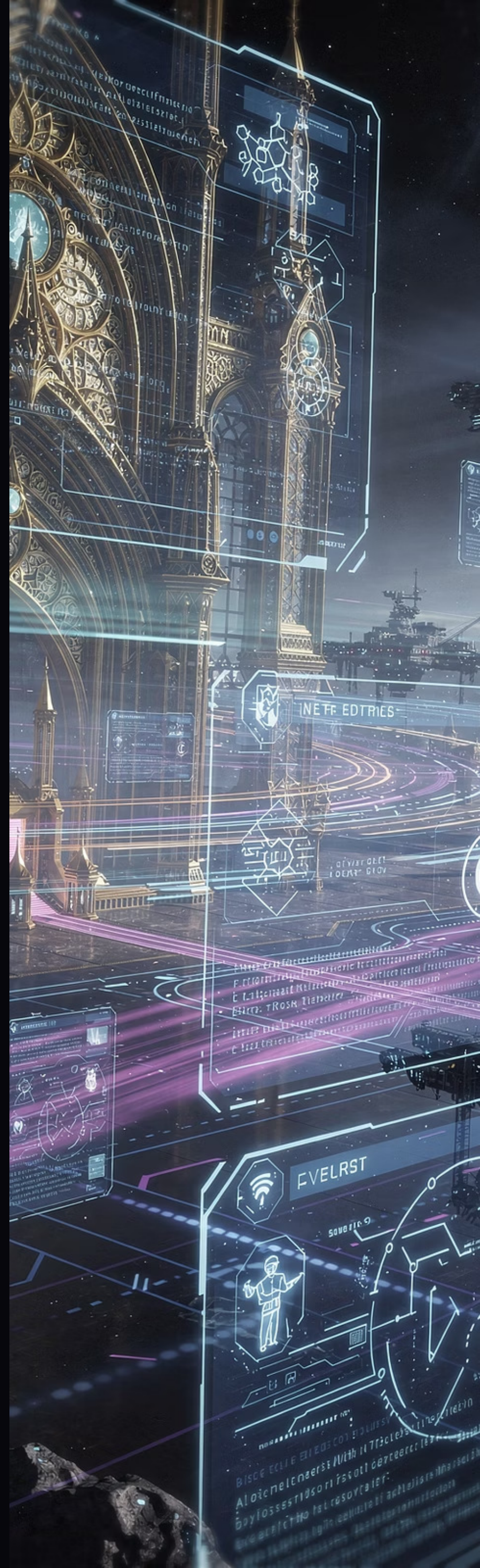
**Nobody tells you the other  
half.**



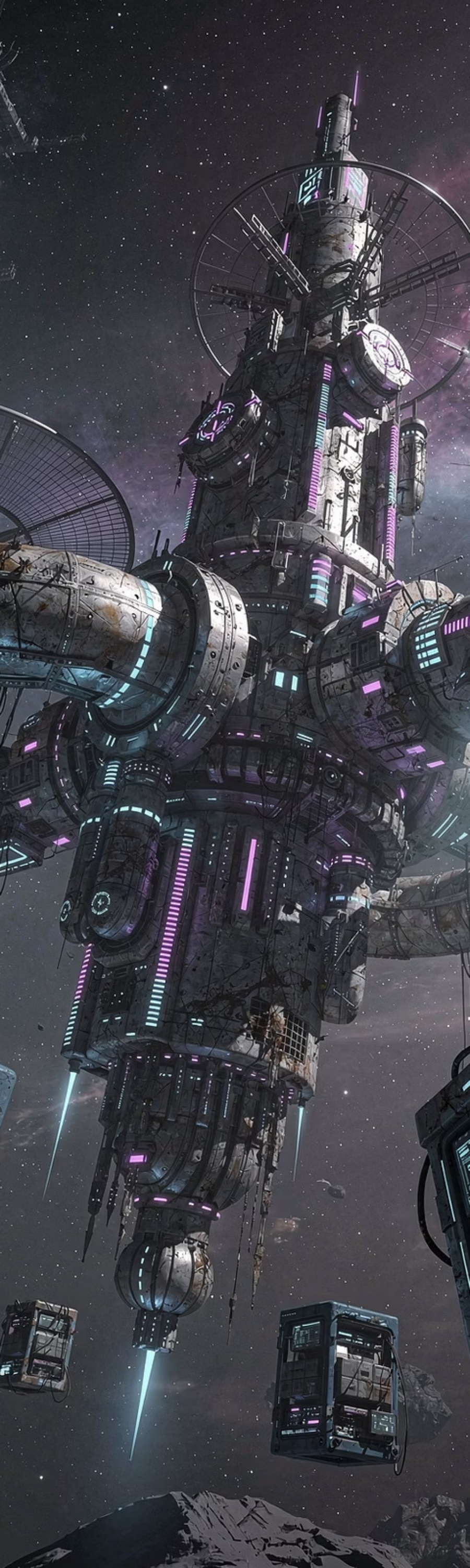
# The Only God That Answers

Nobody tells you that information is the only god that actually answers prayers, and it answers in the language of leverage.

My first real work was small-time reclamation. Data recovery, salvage arbitration, "decommissioned infrastructure verification." Corporate euphemisms for sticking your hands into dead systems and pulling out whatever still has value. I told myself it was clean. I told myself I wasn't one of the predators, just a scavenger with a toolkit and a rented ship.







# The Cache That Wasn't Supposed to Exist

Then we cracked a cache that wasn't supposed to exist.

It started like all good disasters do: boring. A derelict relay node in the wrong place, a signature that shouldn't have been stable, a contract that paid too well for what it pretended to be. We pulled the data, cleaned it, verified it. Names, manifests, routes. Shell corps nested inside shell corps like dolls that all smiled the same way.

## People moved like cargo.

I remember staring at the numbers and feeling my body try to reject what my eyes were reading. I wanted it to be a scam. A fabrication. Someone's idea of a joke.

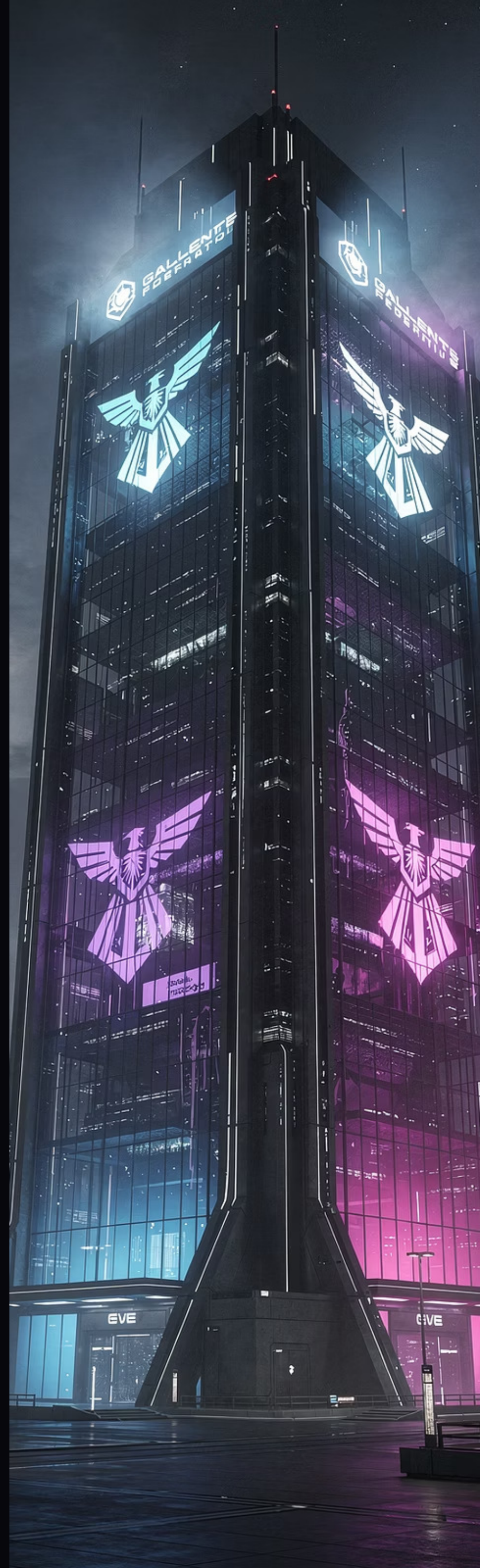
But the timestamps lined up. The provenance held. It was real.



# When Truth Mattered

We did what naive Gallente do  
when they find the truth: we  
believed the truth mattered.  
We believed you could hand  
proof to the right office and the  
machine would do the right  
thing. The story would correct  
itself.

The machine corrected *us*  
instead.





# The Machine's Correction

First it was my partner. Not a pod death. Not clean. A hab unit, an air recycler that "failed," a report full of language that meant nothing. Random act. Unfortunate accident. The words that turn murder into weather.

Then my sibling vanished in transit. A manifest edited with the kind of precision you only see from people who do it for a living. A life erased with a keystroke, like the universe had an undo button and somebody else had their finger on it.

Then the crew came apart. One ran. One died. One sent me a message from an address that didn't resolve twice the same way.

*Drop the data, it said. Or watch the rest of your life get deleted line by line.*

That's when I learned what everyone in New Eden learns sooner or later: **the story is optional. Survival isn't.**

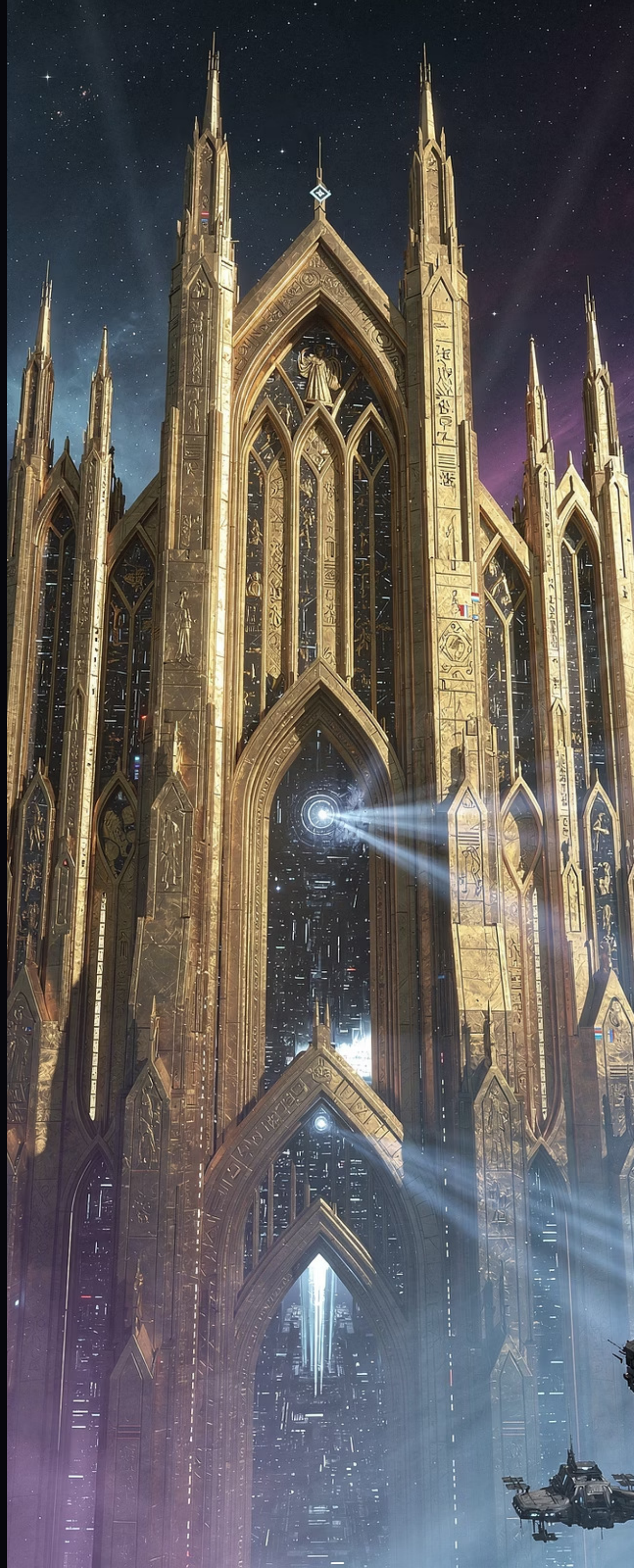
I ran, because I was still human then, and humans run.



# Running Toward the Empire

I ran toward the one place I thought my enemies would not expect me to choose: the Amarr Empire.

To a Gallente, Amarr space feels like stepping into a cathedral built out of law and gravity. Everything has a place. Everything has a weight. The Empire has had centuries to practice being itself, and it wears that age like armor. In Federation space I was a loose thread waiting to be pulled. In Amarr space I could become a number in a ledger too vast to care about me.







# Making Myself Small

I made myself small. Rented a station cubicle that smelled like recycled air and other people's prayers. Worked jobs that didn't ask questions. Mined when I couldn't sleep. Hauled when I needed the noise in my head to be replaced by engine hum. I told myself I could live as baseline again.

That lie held for about as long as it takes for the universe to notice you're trying to be happy.

The capsuleer offer didn't arrive like a calling. It arrived like a diagnosis.

You have the profile. You have the aptitude. You have the right combination of damage and discipline that makes immortality look like a reasonable career move. A pod, a capsule, a clone contract. The promise of continuity through death, stitched together by technology and will.

**I signed because there was nothing left to protect.**



# The First Thing You Feel Is Distance

People think becoming a capsuleer is about power. It is, but that's not the first thing you feel.

**The first thing you feel is distance.**

Everyone you ever loved becomes fragile in a way you can't unsee. They're single-instance assets. One body. One life. No backups. You can lose ships and wake up in a new clone, but they die the old-fashioned way. Permanently. Like a door that only closes once.

So I made a rule, because rules are what you build when you can't trust the world.

**No corporation that can chain me.**

**No permanent crew that can be used against me.**

**No promises that require other people's blood to keep.**







The Only Formation  
That Can't Be  
Betrayed

I fly alone  
because  
"alone" is  
the only  
formation  
that can't  
be  
betrayed.

People ask why I spend my time  
crawling through relic sites and data  
vaults like some starving rat in the  
walls of the cluster. They assume it's  
greed. They assume it's treasure.



# It's Proof

## It's proof.

Relic and data sites are where New Eden forgets itself. Old wars, old research, old secrets that never made it into the sanitized histories. The dead leave fingerprints everywhere. You just need the right tools and the patience to listen to silence long enough for it to start talking.

Combat sites are different. They're penance. They remind me that violence isn't random out here. It's economics with guns. Politics with thrust. Faith with a killmail.

Wormholes became my refuge, the way deep space becomes a refuge for anyone with ghosts. In known space, someone is always watching. Local channels. Station logs. Agents. Rivalries. The soft, constant pressure of being observed.

In wormhole space, there's no local to warn you. No audience to perform for. Just shifting routes and the kind of quiet that feels like the universe holding its breath.

## I like that quiet.



# Ore Doesn't Lie



Mining is the anchor when the rest of it gets too sharp. Ore doesn't lie. Rocks don't pretend. You point lasers at the dark, you pull mass out of it, you turn it into something you can sell. Simple. Honest, as far as anything in New Eden can be honest.



Now I live in Amarr space, not because I believe in the Empire, but because it taught me how to be unfindable. I stage my hulls in forgettable stations. I keep my assets spread thin. I change routes. I make sure no system sees me often enough to start thinking of me as part of the scenery.



# And I Write

And I write.

This is the part I don't explain in local, or in contracts, or to the rare pilot who tries to get friendly over open comms. The blog isn't for fame. It isn't even for money.

## It's a record.

Each week I log another chain. Another relic site that feels like a grave robbed politely. Another data vault that coughs up fragments of someone else's plan. Another fight in a dead pocket of space where the only witnesses are drones and stars.

Sometimes I run into other capsuleers.

An explorer who races me through a site like we're both pretending it's a sport instead of a hunger. A miner who says nothing, just warps out the second the tone of the system changes. A pirate who kills my ship, then sends a calm fit critique afterward like they're doing me a favor.



# Documenting the Frontier

I tell myself I'm documenting the frontier.

The truth is uglier and more human: I'm trying to prove that connection is still possible in a universe built to monetize loss. That I can meet another pilot out in the dark, share a grid, share a moment, and not have it end in someone else paying for my mistakes.

I failed once, back in the Federation, when the truth had teeth and I thought the system cared.

**I don't get to fail like that again.**



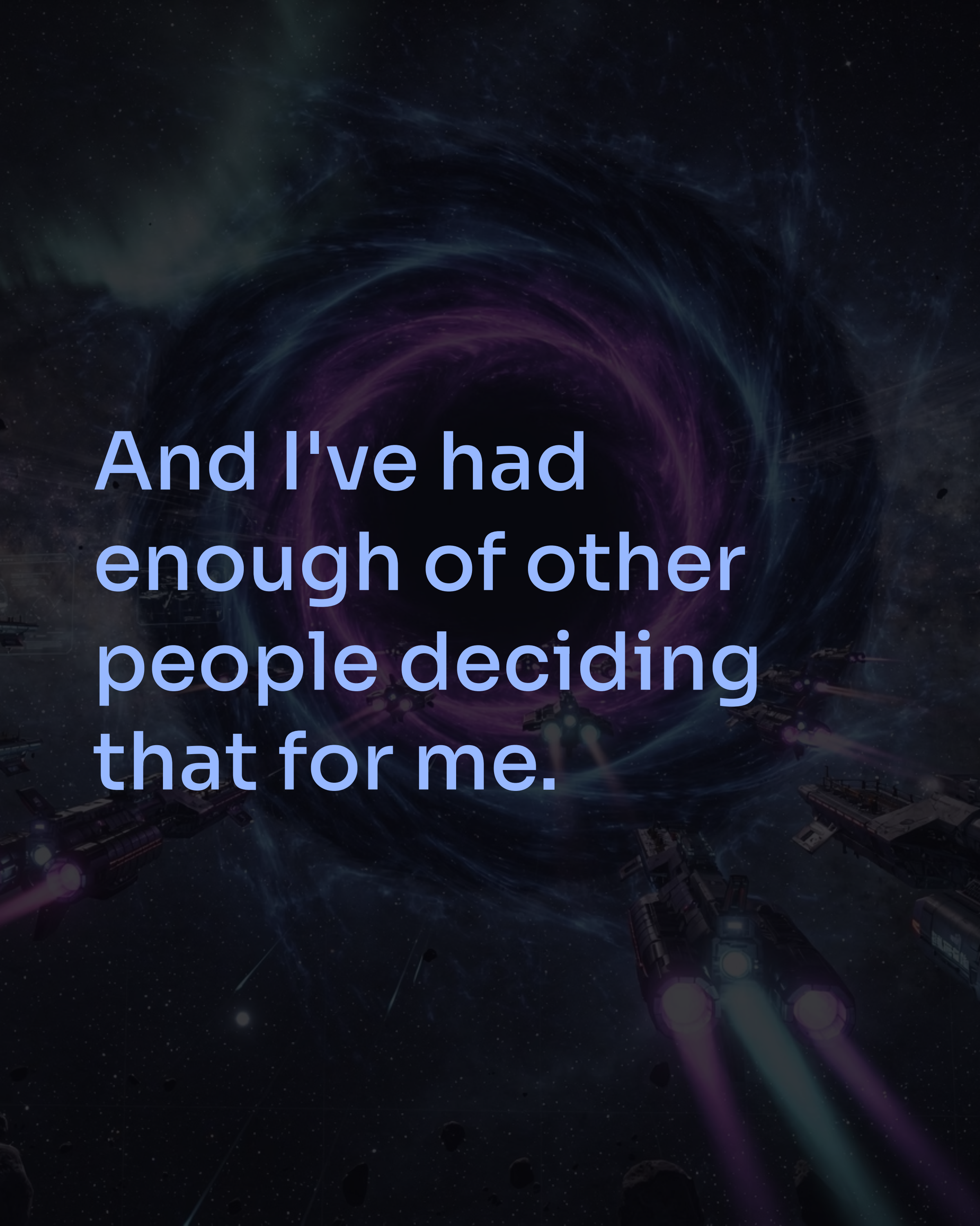




## So I Fly

So I fly. I scan. I mine. I fight. I slip into wormholes where the map forgets how to follow me. And I keep writing, because if I stop recording what I find, then the universe gets to decide what's real.





And I've had  
enough of other  
people deciding  
that for me.